

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 37—VOL. XVII.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1805

NO. 571.

LOVE AND DUTY.

A TALE.

IN a château delightfully situated upon the banks of the Rhone, in the fertile province of Languedoc, lived Monsieur de Senetere. He had in the early part of his life served in the French army, and had obtained no small share of glory, as well on account of his bravery and judgment in conducting several hazardous enterprises; at length, however, upon the death of his father, he retired to the family estate, brought with him a lady whom he had recently married, and who was endowed with every excellence that could render her dear in the eyes of her adoring husband. This happy couple were the admiration and esteem of every one in the neighborhood, and the poor and needy were sure of meeting with assistance from their generosity and unbounded hospitality. Their union had only been blessed with one daughter, who was named, after her mother, Juliet, and possessed, like her, a mind fraught with virtuous principles, and a person and countenance which could afford a model to the nicest artist. These qualifications were, however, added a heart which would melt with pity at the woes of another, but which was too susceptible of the tender passion of love, as the sequel will prove.

Among the numerous visitors at the château, the Count de Fiesque was particularly assiduous to please. He was a young man of good family, and had lately arrived in that neighborhood, in hopes that the salubrious air of the country might repair a constitution considerably injured by too much indulging in the fashionable dissipation and levities of the gay metropolis of France.—He was possessed of a considerable share of wit and vivacity; and, from his dear bought experience of the world, he was an entertaining companion. But his qualities were particularly calculated to please the fair sex, and never did he appear to such advantage as when in their company. Notwithstanding he was naturally of a bad disposition, and proud of his descent and family honors, as he had been recommended by some of the first families in France, M. de Senetere endeavored to render his stay in his family as agreeable as possible; consequently he introduced him to all his acquaintance, and the young and inexperienced heart of Juliet was pleased at the gaiety he occasionally, and the attentions he always paid her. At every ball he constantly engaged her hand, nor would he scarcely suffer any other to have the honor of dancing with her. His conversation was particularly adapted to please and entertain her, and, at length, his presence became so necessary, that, if any unavoidable accident prevented him from attending her to any party, her natural gaiety forsook her; and, instead of participating in the pleasure of her young friends, she felt herself oppressed by an unaccountable heaviness; she rejoiced if she could make her escape from the nuptial scene; and, retiring to her room, would give herself up to the uninterrupted enjoyment of her melancholy ideas.

Monsieur de Senetere, far from perceiving the attachment which subsisted between the

young people, considered the whole of the Count's conduct as proceeding from his great politeness, and a wish that, by making himself agreeable, he might in some slight degree recompense him for his hospitality.—M. de Senetere, it is true, entertained some suspicions; but she considered the matter as a desirable one to her daughter, and intended, when her suspicions of the Count's intentions were confirmed, to communicate the matter to her husband.

The Count, about a month before his intended departure from Languedoc, opened his mind, first to Juliet, from whom he experienced an encouragement according with her natural modesty, and then to her mother, to whom he exposed all matters in so favorable a light, and with such powerful arguments, that at length he induced her aid and influence with her husband. Monsieur de Senetere, upon the affair being made known to him, with his usual prudence and foresight, considered how far it would be conducive to his daughter's happiness, and what reasonable objections could be brought against it. Upon mature deliberation, he found that the young man was dependent on his family, as his circumstances were considerably embarrassed by the dissipated life he had led at Paris, and that the pride of his family would be an insuperable bar to his union; likewise, in his opinion, the Count's bad constitution, and proud and peevish disposition, eclipsed his other qualifications however brilliant. These objections determined him to refuse his consent to the marriage. The Count was so hurt at the unexpected refusal of what he thought was a condescension on his part, that he, immediately after the conference, left the château, pretending that his presence was necessary to the settling of some affairs on his estate.

Nothing could equal Juliet's sorrow when the news of his departure reached her. Her pride at length came to her relief, and suggested that a man who could act in so cool a manner towards her, was no longer worthy of her love; and she, therefore, nobly determined to shake off all remains of affection for the Count. But, alas! how vain are our best resolves! the image of the Count was ever present to her eyes; and the more she endeavored to forget him, the more conspicuous his good qualities appeared. On the one hand, the commands of her father, the exhortations of her mother, and her own sense of duty, furnished strong arguments against the Count; but a single engaging action of his would rush on her memory and destroy the good effects they might otherwise have produced. It is difficult to say what might have been the final issue, had not her father, perceiving the conflict in her mind, privately informed her that, from some secret cause, her marriage with the Count would be the death blow to his happiness. Immediately on receiving this intelligence, the contest between love and duty became decided; and, although the task was difficult, she resolved totally to overcome her unfortunate attachment. Nature, after some time had elapsed, began to yield to the weight of woe which oppressed her mind; and Juliet, the once gay and happy Juliet, was fast sinking into her grave. Her parents became alarmed at her wan and pale ap-

pearance, and perceived some prompt remedy must be adopted before the malady should have taken too strong a hold on her constitution. M. de Senetere, repeated the *finesse* (for it was in reality nothing more) he had used to make her forget her dissipated, though accomplished lover. However, he determined to try if the gaiety of the metropolis might not, in some degree, at least amuse her mind. Accordingly he set off for Paris, after making himself certain that he should not meet the Count there. Indeed, that misguided young man, after many fruitless attempts to soften M. de Senetere, has plunged still deeper into dissipation, and had become a desperate gambler.

While he was thus unworthily employed, the fair object of his affections was gradually recovering her wonted serenity of mind, and, indeed, the society of the Marquis de Hautfort contributed in no small degree towards the re-establishment of her health. He was a young nobleman of twenty-five years of age, who had been educated in England, where he had spent the early part of his life, under the eye of his father, who had, until his death, continued ambassador there. He died just as his son was entering his twenty-first year, leaving him heir of his immense possessions, and of his mental as bodily perfections.

This nobleman, from the first sight of Juliet, became deeply interested in her welfare, and strove his utmost to comfort her. Juliet, pleased with his sincerity of manner, poured forth her griefs, without reserve, into his friendly bosom; and, after some time, his consoling society possessed sufficient charms to relieve her mind, and make her forget her sorrows. At length, a mutual congeniality of disposition, and a sense of gratitude on her part, and of esteem on his, matured their friendship into love. Monsieur and Madame de Senetere saw with pleasure the change which had taken place in their daughter's mind; and so great was their affection towards her, that their gratitude was unbounded towards the author of such a happy revolution. Affairs were in this situation when the Count de Fiesque, rendered desperate by his repeated losses at play, came to Paris, secretly, with the intention of carrying off Juliet by force. He was urged to attempt this unjustifiable act, not only by the embers of his former passion, but by the hopes of obtaining some money, which might enable him to continue for some time longer his excesses; for, although he was sensible that M. de Senetere would be greatly incensed at his conduct, yet he imagined that his beloved daughter's tears and entreaties might in time pacify him. Besides, he was certain of receiving, on the day of his marriage with Juliet, twelve thousand livres, which had been left at her own disposal by a relation. Urged on by these considerations, he procured three desperate fellows who, for the sake of gain, agreed to follow him on this expedition. He made choice of a dark night, when he knew that M. and Madame de Senetere, with their daughter, would return from visiting a friend who lived at Versailles. Having provided themselves with masks, two saddle-horses, and a post-coach and four, they stationed themselves at a retired part

of the road leading from Versailles to Paris.—After waiting till one o'clock, the Count began to suspect that he had received wrong information, when the rattling of a carriage relieved him from his doubts. Immediately he ran to the road, and stopped the carriage, which proved to be the one he had been waiting for, by which contrary to his expectation, came the Marquis de Hautfort, who, being scarce next the door, jumped out, and transfixed one of the ruffians, who had, without effect, discharged a pistol at him. He next encountered the Count himself, and, while thus engaged, another of the ruffians, coming behind him, would have thrust him through the body, had not Monsieur de Senneville, who had by this time got out of the coach, dispatched him. A few seconds after, the Count fell, having received a horse thrust through the body, but not till he had given the Marquis a slight wound in the sword arm. The remaining villain, upon seeing the fate of his companions, mounted one of the horses and galloped off. The Marquis immediately returned to the carriage, where he found Madame de Senneville supporting her daughter, who had fainted away upon hearing the clashing of the swords, and still remained in a state of insensibility. The Marquis and M. de Senneville gave up all thoughts of pursuing the villain who had escaped, and turned all their attention to the recovery of Juliet, who soon repaid their exertions by exhibiting signs of returning life, and who in a short time (after repeated assurances that her father and the Marquis remained unhurt) perfectly recovered.—But what were the surprise and horror of M. de Senneville, upon unmasking the countenance of the slain! he discovered the face of the Count de Fiesque, still distorted by all the agonies of death, which were considerably aggravated by meeting with such a dreadful and unexpected check, when he fondly imagined that his long concerted plan was on the point of being fulfilled.

M. de Senneville placed the dead bodies in the post coach, which had arrived for a far different purpose, and commanded the postillions to proceed, under the guidance of his servant, to the hôtel of the Duc de Blaisois, the nearest relative of the unfortunate Count, to whom Monsieur de Senneville intended on the next morning to explain the whole affair, and the servant was desired to signify the same to that nobleman. The Marquis had in the mean time retired to a neighboring village where his wound had been dressed, and had returned to the carriage by the time Monsieur de Senneville had disposed of the dead bodies. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence, the attention of every one being so entirely engrossed in meditating on the late rencontre.

The next morning M. de Senneville, agreeably to his promise, waited on the Duc de Blaisois, and informed him of the particulars of the event which had occasioned the Count's untimely death. The Duke, sensible of the atrocity of his nephew's desperate attempt, had him buried privately, and hushed up the affair by giving out that he had been killed by robbers. On the same day the Marquis declared his passion for Juliet, first to that lady, and afterwards to her father; by both of whom he was so favorably received that, in a few days' time, he led the fair object of his affection to the altar; and, if real happiness is to be possessed on earth, the Marquis and Janet certainly enjoyed it. Of course would Juliet reflect with terror on the narrow space she had experienced of being united to a man with whom she must have been miserable, at the same time contemplating her self upon the victory over her own feelings.

FROM A LONDON FABLE.

The following lines, are really a correct account of an incident that occurred during the late campaign in Egypt, which the Duke having related in conversation, was verified at the request of a friend, without getting the name.

One tumult of battle had ceased—high in air
The standard of Britain triumphantly flew;
And the remnant of foes had fled in dismay.

When a Syrian was seen by the light of his lamp,
Slow pacing the boards of the camp's strewn plain,
Not base his intent—for he sought the man,
To comfort the dying, not plunder the slain.

Though doubtless in war, at a story of woe,
Down his age-form'd cheek hot tears often ran,
A keener to conquer or even to leave foes,
He fought like a lion, but felt like a man.

As he counted the slain, "Oh, compose!" he cried,
"Then are glorious indeed! for death thou'rt given."
"Too late, alas!" a voice faintly replied—
"It hadst thou thine his heart—'twas the voice of his Son."

He listened aghast—all was silent again—
He search'd by the beams which his lamp feebly shed,
And found his brave son, amidst hundreds of slain,
The corpse of a comrade supporting his head.

"My Henry!" the war-shatter'd soldier exclaim'd,
"Has death cruelly wither'd thy cheeks so soon?"
The youth up'd his eyes, as he heard himself nam'd,
And awoke for a while from his death-boding swoon.

He gaz'd on his father, who knelt by his side,
And, setting his hand, press'd it close to his heart:
"Thank heaven! thou'st here, my dear father!" he cried,
"For soon, Oh! too soon, we forever must part."

"Though death early should me from all that I love,
From glory!—no, since! yet perhaps 'tis given,
To meet thee ag in thy regions above."
His eye beam'd with peace as he look'd up to heav'n.

"Then let not thy bosom with pain sorrow swell,
"Ah! check, ere it rises, the heart-rending sigh!"
"I fought for my king! for my country—I fell,
"In defence of their rights—and I glory to die."

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND.

When thou, O man, the lovely Fair can find
Whose manners soft with mental grace is join'd,
Her form be such as fancy shall approve,
Her breast replete with gentleness and love:

O take her to thy home, thy arms, thy heart;
Let naught but death the nuptial tie depart,
She is thy sweetest bosom friend, thy wife,
Ordain'd by heaven, the noblest aim of life.

As mistress of thy house, confess her sway,
And thus instruct thy servants to obey;
Let no imperious airs her peace annoy;
She shares thy grief, and let her share thy joy.

Let reason guide, when thou her faults reprove,
And may each admonition flow from love;
Trust all thy secrets to her gentle breast,
And there repose thy anxious cares to rest.

And oh, when ill disease exerts its power,
And sad affliction darkens every hour;
When pallid sickness o'er her cheeks is spread,
And the fair train of joy charms is fled:

When all her beauties languish in her eyes,
And tales of foul men hang on her sighs;
Oh! let affliction's sympathetic glow
Soothe all her pangs, and mitigate her woe.

Be all attention, every aid impart;
With sweet endearments raise her drooping heart,
Watch round her couch, anticipate each woe,
And ere she forms a wish, her wishes grant.

A FRAGMENT.

While waiting with impatience for the dispersion of the storm, my attention was arrested by the sound of a female voice. I started upon it, and with surprise and interest, I perceived that it was the voice of a child, who, in the midst of the storm, was singing a song. I was so much attracted by the voice, that I followed it, and found it issuing from a small, dark, and damp-looking hole in the wall of a building. I was so much attracted by the voice, that I followed it, and found it issuing from a small, dark, and damp-looking hole in the wall of a building. I was so much attracted by the voice, that I followed it, and found it issuing from a small, dark, and damp-looking hole in the wall of a building.

How could you, most successful youth, thus stand,
Thus torture your poor Saviour's? But I will not reproach you; I will not all you ingrate; may that just God who sees all our sins, and knows all our secret thoughts, forgive you, as I sincerely do—but how dare I call on the voice of the Creator, who is the protector of the innocent and the rewarder of the good? I shall not among that number!—The storm still rages, but I shall not speak; the tears which she shed probably relieved her agonized heart—after a short pause she continued, "If thou, O Merciful God, wilt forgive the transgressions of an unfortunate girl, receive now, my Creator, the humble supplications of a repentant sinner." I was so much attracted by the voice, that I followed it, and found it issuing from a small, dark, and damp-looking hole in the wall of a building.

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MAXIMS.

A great man will not trample upon a worm, nor sneer at an emperor.
A clear conscience is a sure stand.
A divided family can no more stand than a divided commonwealth.
A fault once denied, is twice committed.
A fool knows his estate, before he finds his folly.
A friend in need is a friend indeed.
A gallant man rather despises death than hates life.
A good man can never be miserable, nor a wicked man happy.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
A gossip speaks ill of all, and all of her.
A covetous man is a dog in a wheel that roasts the meat for others.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY A RETURN OF THE EPIDEMIC.

AGAIN the dire disease pervades our Land,
And with new terrors from the Almighty hand—
Woe piled on woe, and clad in dread array,
The tyrant DEATH resumes his wonted way.
At whose dread summons all directions fall,
The parents, wife, with kindred, friends and all!
Each mourns the blow that befalls some dearest tie,
While doors of pearly dew fall from each eye.
In fated land—how oft by sickness torn,
How oft some dreadful blow we have to mourn:
Oh sweet Religion! were it not for thee—
Despondence would bid our misery;
The consolation soothe our inward grief,
And whispers to the afflicted soul relief.

FATHER of mercies, hear the people pray:
To their distresses vouchsafe a lasting aid;
Avert the dreadful fate which now impends;
Our hope in thee, for help alone depends.
May this affliction ever prove to be,
A lesson to direct our thoughts to thee.

New-York,
Sept. 11, 1855

W. F. H.

The following is said to be a fragment of an ancient Egyptian King, found at Thebes.

"I never denied justice to the poor for his poverty; neither pardoned the wealthy for his riches.

"I never gave reward for affection, nor punished upon passion.

"I never suffered evil to escape unpunished, nor goodness to go unrewarded.

"I never denied justice to him that asked it, neither mercy to him that deserved it.

"I never opened my gate to the flatterer, nor mine ear to the backbiter.

"I always sought to be beloved of the good, and feared of the wicked.

"I always favored the poor that were able to do little, and God, who was able to do much, always favored me."

THE TREATMENT OF DEBTORS,
IN CEYLON.

The mode of treating debtors in this island is particularly singular and severe. The first step taken is to strip the debtor of his cloaths, and a guard is set to watch him. If after a little time he does not pay, a large stone is put upon his back, and he must carry it about until his creditors are satisfied. Sometimes they put very heavy stones upon his back, and he is obliged to carry them about, until the debt is extinct.

Another severity often practised by the creditor is patting thorns between the naked legs of his debtor, and obliging him to walk about with them. Frequently the creditor will go to the person indebted to him, and say he will poison himself unless he pays him directly. Instances have occurred, of such threats being put into execution, and the debtor, who is considered as the cause of the creditor's death, also forfeits his life.

ANECDOTE.

THE Duke of York preparing for an expedition, one of his officers begged to be made acquainted with his intention. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the Duke. "I can, Your Highness," answered the officer. "And so can I," said the Duke.

The Weekly MUSEUM.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1855.

Our Patrons are respectfully informed, that, after to-day, the publication of the MUSEUM, will be suspended for a few weeks.

DEATHS in this city during the last week ending the 7th inst:—Apoplexy 2, consumption 11, convulsions 2, debility 3, decay 3, dropsy 2, dysentery 5, hectic fever 1, bilious fever 1, malignant fever 7, scarlet fever 2, typhus fever 15, liver 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, sudden death 1, suicide 1, syphilis 1, teething 5.—Adults 33—Children 34—Total 64.

On Wednesday last, there were 12 cases and 8 deaths viz. Sarah Shillings, of Philadelphia, at Bellevue, removed from 73 Courtland-st. Miss Hannah Saxonstall, from 85 Pearl-street, at Greenwich, Patrick Finnick, 25 Augustus-st, John Taylor, 46 Cedar-st, Thomas Jones, lower end of Pearl-st, Susannah Wright, from Water-st, corner of Lombard and Cedarline sts, Mrs. Jane Cruise, 60 Courtland-st, & Mrs. Nancy Browning, from 10 Water-st.

Health of Philadelphia.—By the official reports of the Board of Health, it appears, that the malignant fever continues to increase, particularly in the district of Southwark.

There were 89 deaths in Philadelphia during the last week, of various diseases.

The following important information was received from Mr. Hartford, of Dayton, Georgia:

"Intelligence has reached this place that an English fleet of nine sail of the line, with frigates and transports are at anchor in the mouth of St. Johns river, and that their object is the conquest of Florida. The Spaniards are extremely alarmed, and all is bustle and confusion."

Natchez, July 5.

Near Pinckneyville, the daughter of a man advanced in years, and bearing the title of Colonel, was addressed by a wretch, (whose only recommendation was being in possession of property)—who was every way disagreeable to the lady.—Neither the humanity of the father nor the delicacy of the lover were awakened by this circumstance—the avarice of the one, and the selfishness of the other, overlooked every objection of the unhappy girl though she urged with all her power—even at the very altar. She was forced by threats and even blows, into the arms of a man she despised, to suffer lingering torture, in combination with which, death would have been merciful. To the praise of those in authority in the Spanish dominions, no one could be found to perform the ceremony.

Swanbury, July 6.—An only daughter of Herman Hoffman Esq. fell backwards into a large kettle of boiling water, which scalded about one half of her body. She continued in the most excruciating distress until the 10th, when she expired.

On the 15th of August, in the town of Northumberland, in the county of Saratoga, about 4 miles distance from the above place, a daughter of a Mr. Martin, merchant, in the 14th year of her age, was instantly killed by a waggon running over her. It appears that there were two waggons endeavoring to run by each other; the girl appeared to use all her exertions to get out of the way, but was overtaken.—It is to be hoped, for the good of society and the honor of our country, that our Legislature will put a stop to such pernicious practices.

COURT OF HYMEN.

—IN Hymen's bands
The happy lovers join'd, unite their hands—
Their hearts long since in soft affect on bound.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Peter McCarty, to Miss Eliza Ann Sanders, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 5d ult by the Rev. Mr. Sreebeck, Benjamin M. Hill, of the house of Hill & Richie, merchants, to Eliza C. Bloom, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

O DEATH! 'tis thy delight to make us sad,
To blast our joy, and mock our every hope,
To wreath man new miseries to add,
And fling new gall into life's bitter cup.

DIED.

Sunday morning, of the prevailing fever, Mr. David Dickson, of this city, merchant.

At Flatbush, same day, of the prevailing fever, Mr. Adam Sewell, wine merchant, of this city.

At his country seat, same day, of the prevailing fever, Paschal N. Smith, esq. President of the Columbia Insurance Office.

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Hyde, wife of John Hyde, of the Towne Coffee House. In the death of this amiable woman, society has lost a valuable member, her family a most affectionate mother and companion, and our city *loses* its brightest ornaments.

Also, Mrs. W. G. Miller.

On Tuesday, of the prevailing fever, John R. Jones, a native of Wales; Joseph Burling, son of James Burling, of White-plains; and Mr. John Sykes.

On Saturday evening, of a lingering disorder, Mr. B. Tomlinson, proprietor of the ice-gardens in the Bowery.

At Quebec, on the 21d ult, his excellency Lieut. General Peter Haver, Lieut. Governor of Upper-Canada, and commanding in chief his majesty's forces in both the Canadas.

20,000 DOLLARS,
THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS.

In the Batten-Kill Road Lottery.

In Wholes, Ha fs, Quarters,

& Eights.

To draw in December next.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL MCGREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

A few servants on the books well recommended. May 25, 1855. 835—*if*.

NOTICE.

THE public in general, and particularly the friends of the LITERARY ACADEMY, No. 40 Partition-Street, are hereby informed, that the regular stated Vacation, will expire on the 31st inst. and, that the Exercises in the School will again commence on Monday, the second of September.—Where shall be given the most faithful attention, to the improvement, and advancement in Literature, of all committed to the care and instruction of ENOCH ELY.

N. B. A few Boarding Scholars may be conveniently accommodated in his family. August 31, 1855.

COURT OF APOLLO.

VARIETY IN ONE—A BALLAD.

* In no other 'dost find variety,
 "Crud' Dick," "wouldst thou on wedlock fix?"
 "I rather should expect," said J.,
 "Variety in five or six."
 "But never was thy counsel sought—
 "I'll do't, my friend!" So said, so done:
 "I'm good for life, and Dick was right—
 I find VARIETY IN ONE."

Her tongue has more variety
 Than music's system can embrace:
 She modulates through every key—
 Squeaks treble, and grows double bass;
 Divisions, runs, and trills, and shakes,
 Enough use noisy speakers to stun.
 Thus, as harsh discord noise makes,
 I find VARIETY IN ONE.

Her dress boasts such variety—
 Such forms, materials, fashions, hues,
 Each animal must plunder'd be,
 From Russian bears to cockatoos:
 Now 'tis a feather, now a zone;
 Now she's a Gipsy, now a Nun—
 To change like the cuckoo's penon.
 A still VARIETY IN ONE!

In wedlock's wide variety,
 Thought, word and deed, we both concur:
 If she's a thunder-storm to me,
 So I'm an April day to her;
 Devil and angel, black and white,
 Thus, as we *Flora's* gaudiest run,
 And kiss, and scold, and love, and fight,
 Each finds VARIETY IN ONE.

Then cherish Love's variety,
 In spite of every sneering elf:
 We're NATURE'S children, and on't she,
 In change, variety itself!
 Her clouds and storms are wild'd by Fate,
 More bright to show her radiant sun.
 Hail, then, blest Wedlock! in whose state
 Met find VARIETY IN ONE!

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

The hapless man, whose *real* woes
 His life's tranquility destroy,
 Resorts to Fancy for repose,
 And learns to dream of peace and joy.

The bliss of love, of wealth and power,
 To's corrupting dreamer then enjoys;
 All blessings, 'dild th' ideal joys,
 No grief appears, no pleasure cloy.

At length tird' Fancy can no more
 Relieve him from anxious pain;
 Her pleasing scenes he now gives o'er,
 And wakes to real life again.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

MADAME DE TROUCHIN said to Voltaire, "I think, Sir, that a philosopher should never write, but to endeavour to render mankind less wicked and unhappy than they are. Now you go quite the contrary. You are always writing against that religion, which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes." Voltaire was much struck, and excused himself by saying, that he wrote only for those who were of the same opinion with himself.

Trouchin assured his friend, that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "I die," said he, "by God and man, (said he,) in those awful moments, when truth will force its way." "I wish," (added Trouchin,) that those who had been perverted by his writings, had been present at his death. It was a sight too horrible to support."

N. SMITH.

Chemical Perfumery from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfumery Manufactory, (the Golden Rule) No. 114 Nassau-st. Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash Bath, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chemical Absorbent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentleman's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that admit all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.
 Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chemical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from spots, pimples, redness or sunburn, has lost its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8 & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey: 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine White Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Smith's Superior Dental Paste, for washing the skin, making it soft, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chemical Perfumery Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion, like white his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics, highly esteemed by the Skin.

All kinds of secret and open Waxes and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Bleaching Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Castoria Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair moist.

His purified Albin Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Cast Plaster, 5s. per box.
 Ladies silk Hoses, on Elastic webbing and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

"The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, sometimes White Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only save a saving, but have their goods fresh and new from advertisement, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery."

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.
 January 3, 1835. 813 ly.

TUITION.

THE subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr. Town's church, in Warren-street, lately occupied by Mr. Jacob Ketchell, where he has commenced Teaching. He will teach the English and Latin Languages grammatically, together with Book-keeping, Surveying, Navigation, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Architecture, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice, and the great success he has met with in the line of his profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal patronage.

UZAL W. FREEMAN.
 This may certify, that I have been acquainted with Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know him to be every way qualified for a teacher, and I do freely and earnestly recommend him to the patronage of all his friends in this city. JACOB KETCHELL.
 July 27, 1835. 864 ly.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings, and Cambric Shirts cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Calender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyes at the gate.

N.B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing at all seasons Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.
 Jan 1, 1835. 826 ly.

MR. TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so near in appearance that they cannot be distinguished from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the gum. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention is directed to the power of the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Clinical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by its early application, the teeth become uniformly white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthy red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in the sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. WHITE'S Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.
 July 13, 1835. 828 ly.

EDUCATION.

IN consequence of earnest solicitations, the School lately created by Mr. LEECH, No. 17 Banker-street, is now conducted under the tuition of the subscribers.

Ambition is good or bad according to the end proposed. It shall ever be ours to promote human felicity by the most anxious exertions to forward those entrusted to our care in the acquisition of useful knowledge, wisdom and virtue.

S. MOORE.
 I. MCKEN.
 Mr. Moore entertains too high an opinion of his School No. 57 Roosevelt-street, to permit it to suffer the least neglect by this measure; he is rather inclined to believe that from it some reciprocal advantage will be experienced by both branches peculiar to such institutions.—The whole school will meet weekly for the purpose of inspiring emulation; and certain classes for particular studies, such as Geography, the use of the Globes, &c. as occasion may require.

N. B. The School in Banker-street, will open at 8 o'clock during the warm weather, where Mr. Moore will attend till 9.
 August 17, 1835. 867 ly.

NOVELS, HISTORY, &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, No. 3 PECK SLIP.

Desval, or the Speculator, St. Leon, by Godolphin Amelia, or the Influence of Virtue, Father and Daughter, by Mrs. Opie, Romances of the Beggar Girl, Emma Courtney, Gonsalvo, the Spanish Knight, Beggar Boy, 3 vols. Beggar Girl, 3 vols. Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World, What has been, Man of Feeling, Beauties of Goldsmith, Spectator, 8 vols. Rigid Father, or, Paternal Authority too Strictly Enforced, Tale of the Times, 2 vols. Clermont, 2 vols. Abbe's Romance, 3 vols. Edward, 2 vols. Emma De Vermont, Vicar of Lansdown, Algerine Captives, 2 vols. Haunted Cavern, Ambrose & Elmore, Louisa, or the Cottage on the Moor, Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, &c. &c.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
 One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.

of the road leading from Versailles to Paris.—

After waiting till one o'clock, the Count began to suspect that he had received wrong information, when the rattling of a carriage relieved him from his doubts. Immediately he ran in to the road, and stopped the carriage, which proved to be the one he had been waiting for, but which contrary to his expectation, contained the Marquis de Hautfort, who, being seated next the door, jumped out, and transfixed one of the ruffians, who had, without effect, discharged a pistol at him. He next encountered the Count himself, and, while thus engaged, another of the ruffians, coming behind him, would have thrust him through the body, had not Monsieur de Sennetere, who had by this time got out of the coach, dispatched him. A few seconds after, the Count fell, having received a home thrust through the body, but not till he had given the Marquis a slight wound in the sword arm. The remaining villain, upon seeing the fate of his companions, mounted one of the horses and galloped off. The Marquis immediately returned to the carriage, where he found Madame de Sennetere supporting her daughter, who had fainted away upon hearing the clashing of the swords, and still remained in a state of insensibility. The Marquis and M. de Sennetere gave up all thoughts of pursuing the villain who had escaped, and turned all their attention to the recovery of Juliet, who soon repaid their exertions by exhibiting signs of returning life, and who in a short time (after repeated assurances that her father and the Marquis remained unhurt) perfectly recovered. But what were the surprise and horror of M. de Sennetere, upon unmasking the countenances of the slain! he discovered the face of the Count de Eueque, still distorted by all the agonies of death, which were considerably aggravated by meeting with such a dreadful and unexpected check, when he fondly imagined that his long concerted plan was on the point of being fulfilled.

M. de Sennetere placed the dead bodies in the post coach, which had arrived for a far different purpose, and commanded the postillions to proceed, under the guidance of his servant, to the hôtel of the Duc de Blaison, the nearest relative of the unfortunate Count, to whom Monsieur de Sennetere intended on the next morning to explain the whole affair, and the servant was desired to signify the same to that nobleman. The Marquis had in the mean time retired to a neighboring village where his wound had been dressed, and had returned to the carriage by the time Monsieur de Sennetere had disposed of the dead bodies. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence, the attention of every one being so entirely engrossed in meditating on the late rencontre.

The next morning M. de Sennetere, agreeably to his promise, waited on the Duc de Blaison, and informed him of the particulars of the event which had occasioned the Count's untimely death. The Duke, sensible of the atrocity of his nephew's desperate attempt, had him buried privately, and hushed up the affair by giving out that he had been killed by robbers. On the same day the Marquis declared his passion for Juliet, first to that lady, and afterwards to her father; by both of whom he was so favorably received that, in a few days' time, he led the fair object of his affections to the altar: and, if real happiness is to be possessed on earth, the Marquis and Juliet certainly enjoyed it. Oftentimes would Juliet reflect with terror on the narrow space she had experienced of being united to a man with whom she must have been miserable, at the same time congratulating herself upon the victory over her own feelings.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The following lines, are nearly a correct account of a incident that occurred during the last campaign in Egypt, which the Author hearing related in company verified as the request of a friend, without quitting the room:—

THE tumult of battle had ceas'd—high in air
The standard of Britain triumphantly wav'd;
And the remnant of foes had fled in despair.
Whom night intervening from slaughter had sav'd—

When a Veteran was seen by the light of his lamp,
Slow pacing the bounds of the carcase-strown plain:
Not base his intent—for he quitted the camp,
To comfort the dying, not plunder the slain.

Though doubtless in war, at a story of woe,
Down his age-furrow'd cheek the tears often ran,
Alike proud to conquer or save a brave foe,
He fought like a hero, but "felt like a man!"

As he counted the slain, "Oh, conquest!" he cried,
"Thou art glorious indeed! but dearly thou'rt won."
"Too dearly, alas!" a voice faintly replied.—
It thrill'd thro' his heart—'twas the voice of his Son.

He listen'd aghast—all was silent again—
He search'd by the beams which his lamp feebly shed,
And found his brave son, amidst hundreds of slain,
The corpse of a comrade supporting his head.

"My Henry!" the war-shatter'd soldier exclaim'd,
"Has death rudely wither'd thy laurels so soon?"
The youth op'd his eyes, as he heard himself nam'd,
And awoke for a while from his death-boding swoon.

He gaz'd on his father, who knelt by his side,
And seizing his hand, prest it close to his heart:
"Thank heaven thou'rt here, my dear father!" he cried,
"For soon, Oh! too soon, we forever must part."

"Though death early call'd me from all that I love,
"From Glory! from thee! yet perhaps it is given,
"To meet thee ag in yon regions above!"
His eye beam'd with hope as he look'd up to heav'n.

"Then let not thy bosom with vain sorrow swell,
"Ah! check, ere it rises, the heart-rending sigh!"
"I fought for my king! for my country!—I fell,
"In defence of their rights—and I glory to die."

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND.

WHEN thou, O man, the lovely Fair can find
Whose manners soft with mental grace is join'd,
Her form be such as fancy shall approve,
Her breast replete with gentleness and love:

O take her to thy home, thy arms, thy heart;
Let nought but death the nuptial tie dispart,
She is thy sweetest bosom friend, thy wife,
Ordain'd by heaven, the noblest balm of life.

As mistress of thy house, confess her sway,
And thus instruct thy servants to obey;
Let no imperious airs her peace annoy;
She shares thy grief, and let her share thy joy.

Let reason guide, when thou her faults reprove,
And may each admonition flow from love;
Trust all thy secrets to her gentle breast,
And there repose thy anxious cares to rest.

And oh, when fell disease exerts its power,
And sad affliction darkens every hour;
When pallid sickness o'er her cheeks is spread,
And the fair train of rosy charms is fled:

When all her beauties languish in her eyes,
And tales of tenderness hang on her sighs;
Oh let affliction's sympathetic glow
Soothe all her pangs, and mitigate her woe.

Be all attention, every aid impart;
With sweet endearments raise her drooping heart,
Watch round her couch, anticipate each want,
And ere she forms a wish, her wishes grant.

W.

A FRAGMENT.

WHILE waiting with impatience for the dispersion of the storm, my attention was arrested by the sound of a female voice; I started from my seat with surprise, and listened with anxious solicitude:—but all was still as death, save the roaring of the troubled elements:—presently a few plaintive sounds again reached my ear, but I was unable to distinguish their meaning. My curiosity was excited to the highest pitch: fuel of anxiety and apprehension for the unfortunate stranger, I stole softly toward the spot from whence the sound had issued. I endeavored, but in vain, to gain a sight of the distressed stranger; the thickness of the shades of night and the darkness of the night completely shrouded her from my inquisitive eye:—she again resumed her plaintive soliloquy, and I distinctly heard the following words: "Ah! cruel William! how could you treat me thus? To seduce me from my fond, my loving parents, only to ruin and forsake me, was cruel indeed! How could you, most ungrateful youth, thus abandon, thus torture your poor SOPHIA? But I will not reproach you; I will not call you ingrate; may that just God who sees all our actions, and knows all our sentiments, forgive you, as I sincerely do—but how dare I call on the name of my Creator! he is the protector of the innocent and the virtuous; I, alas! am not among that number."—Her convulsive sobs here interrupted her speech; the tears which she shed probably relieved her oppressed heart—after a short pause she continued, "If thou, O Merciful God, wilt forgive the transgressions of an unfortunate girl, receive now, my Creator, the humble supplications of a repentant sinner." The incessant torrent of rain which now poured from the Heavens, prevented me from hearing the remainder of her melancholy supplication—the lightning which now and then illumined the dreary scene, at length discovered to me the person of the fair mourner. She was kneeling at the foot of a majestic oak, whose luxuriant branches, covered with thick foliage, in some measure, sheltered her from the violence of the storm; her hands were raised in a suppliant posture toward Heaven, while drops of rain, trickling down her forehead, mingled on her death-pale cheek, with the briny tears which flowed profusely from her large blue eyes. Her features convinced me that she had once been handsome—but her roses had been blighted by keen affliction, and beauty, alas! had fled forever! Her emaciated form appeared sinking fast under the load of grief which distracted her mind. While I viewed this pitiful object, every sensation of horror, of compassion, and of detestation, successively agitated my breast; my pity for the suffering victim of seduction, was equalled only by my hatred of her abandoned seducer.—My mind was wrought up to the highest pitch—and forgetful of my situation, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Yes, poor unfortunate mourner; Heaven will hear thy contrite prayers; and that just God who rewards the innocent and punishes the guilty—that God will avenge thy wrongs."—She sprang nimbly from her kneeling posture with an exclamation of mingled surprise and fear; then looking wildly around she uttered the following words, accompanied by the most frantic gesture. "Is not that the voice of a man? Hast thou come again to torment me demon! Will no place hide me from thy sight? Whither, Oh! whither shall I fly?"—She no sooner uttered these words than she sprang into the woods with surprising velocity, and was immediately obscured from my sight. I sat for some moments motionless, absorbed in silent melancholy:—I at length awoke from my stupor; and finding the clouds were dispersed, I got up with a philanthropic sigh to proceed to town.

MAXIMS.

A great man will not trample upon a worm, nor sneak to an emperor.
A clear conscience is a sure card.
A divided family can no more stand than a divided commonwealth.
A fault once denied, is twice committed.
A fool loseth his estate, before he finds his folly.
A friend in need is a friend indeed.
A gallant man rather despises death than hates life.
A good man can never be miserable, nor a wicked man happy.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
A gossip speaks ill of all, and all of her.
A covetous man is a dog in a wheel that roasts meat for others.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY A RETURN OF THE EPIDEMIC.

AGAIN the dire disease pervades our Land,
Attend'd with new terrors from th' Almighty hand—
With pallid form, and clad in dread array,
The tyrant DEATH! resumes his wonted sway.
At whose dread summons all distinctions fall,
The parent, wife, with kindred, friends and all!
Each mourns the blow that breaks some dearest tie,
While drops of pearly dew fall from each eye.
Ill fated land—how oft by sickness torn,
How oft some dreadful blow we have to mourn:
Oh sweet Religion! were it not for thee—
Despondence would but aid our misery:
Thy consolations soothe our inmost grief,
And whispers to the afflicted soul relief.

FATHER of mercies, hear thy people pray;
To their distress vouchsafe a listening ear;
Avert the dreadful fate which now impends;
Our hope in thee, for help alone depends.
May this affliction ever prove to be,
A lesson to direct our thoughts to thee.

NEW-YORK,
Sept. 11, 1805.

W. F. H.

The following is said to be a fragment of an ancient Egyptian King, found at Thebes.

"I never denied justice to the poor for his poverty; neither pardoned the wealthy for his riches.

"I never gave reward for affection, nor punished upon passion.

"I never suffered evil to escape unpunished, nor goodness to go unrewarded.

"I never denied justice to him that asked it, neither mercy to him that deserved it.

"I never opened my gate to the flatterer, nor mine ear to the backbiter.

"I always sought to be beloved of the good, and feared of the wicked.

"I always favored the poor that were able to do little, and God, who was able to do much, always favored me."

THE TREATMENT OF DEBTORS,
IN CEYLON.

THE mode of treating debtors in this island is particularly singular and severe. The first step taken is to strip the debtor of his cloaths, and a guard is set to watch him. If after a little time he does not pay, a large stone is put upon his back, and he must carry it about until his creditor is satisfied. Sometimes they put very heavy stones upon his back, and he is obliged to carry them about, until the debt is extinct.

Another severity often practised by the creditor is putting thorns between the naked legs of his debtor, and obliging him to walk about with them. Frequently the creditor will go to the person indebted to him, and say he will poison himself unless he pays him directly. Instances have occurred, of such threats being put into execution, and the debtor, who is considered as the cause of the creditor's death, also forfeits his life.

ANECDOTE.

THE Duke of York preparing for an expedition, one of his officers begged to be made acquainted with his intention. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the Duke. "I can, your Highness," answered the officer. "And so can I," said the Duke.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1805.

Our Patrons are respectfully informed, that, after to day, the publication of the MUSEUM, will be suspended for a few weeks.

DEATHS in this city during the last week ending the 7th inst:—Apoplexy 2, consumption 11, convulsions 2, debility 3, decay 3, dropsy 2, dysentery 5, hectic fever 1, bilious fever 1, malignant fever 7, scarlet fever 2, typhus fever 15, hives 1, inflammation of the stomach 1, sudden death 1, suicide 1, syphilis 1, teething 5.—Adults 30—Children 34—Total 64.

On Wednesday last, there were 12 cases and 8 deaths viz. Sarah Shillings, of Philadelphia, at Bellevue, removed from 75 Courtlandt-st. Miss Hannah Saltonstall, from 86 Pearl-street, at Greenwich, Patrick Finnick, 25 Augustus-st, John Taylor, 46 Cedar-st, Thomas Jones, lower end of Pearl-st, Susannah Wright, from Water-st, corner of Lombard and Catherine sts, Mrs. Jane Crane, 60 Courtlandt-st, & Mrs. Nancy Browning, from 90 Water-st. Gazette.

Health of Philadelphia.—By the official reports of the Board of Health, it appears, that the malignant fever continues to increase, particularly in the district of Southwark.

There were 89 deaths in Philadelphia during the last week, of various diseases.

The following important information was received from Mr. Hartford, of Darien, Georgia; "Intelligence has reached this place that an English fleet of nine sail of the line, with frigates and transports are at anchor in the mouth of St. Johns river, and that their object is the conquest of Florida. The Spaniards are extremely alarmed; and all is bustle and confusion."

Natchez, July 5.

Near Pinckneyville, the daughter of a man advanced in years, and bearing the title of Colonel, was addressed by a wretch, (whose only recommendation was being in possession of property)—who was every way disagreeable to the lady.—Neither the humanity of the father nor the delicacy of the lover were awakened by this circumstance—the avarice of the one; and the selfishness of the other, overlooked every objection of the unhappy girl though she urged with all her power—even at the very altar. She was forced by threats and even blows, into the arms of a man she despised, to suffer lingering torture, in comparison with which, death would have been merciful. To the praise of those in authority in the Spanish dominions, no one could be found to perform the ceremony.

Queensbury, July 6.—An only daughter of Herman Hoffman Esq. fell backwards into a large kettle of boiling water, which scalded about one half of her body. She continued in the most excruciating distress until the 10th, when she expired.

On the 15th of August, in the town of Northumberland, in the county of Saratoga, about 4 miles distance from the above place, a daughter of a Mr. Marlin, merchant, in the 14th year of her age, was instantly killed by a waggon running over her. It appears that there were two waggons endeavoring to run by each other: the girl appeared to use all her exertions to get out of the way; but was overtaken.—It is to be hoped, for the good of society and the honor of our country, that our Legislature will put a stop to such pernicious practices.

COURT OF HYMEN.

IN Hymen's bands
The happy lovers join'd, unite their hands—
Their hearts long since in soft affection bound.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Peter McCarty, to Miss Eliza Ann Sanders both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 3d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Benjamin M. Hill, of the house of Hill & Ritchie, merchants, to Eliza C. Bloom, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

O DEATH! 'tis thy delight to make us sad,
To blast our joy, and mock our ev'ry hope,
To wretched man new miseries to add,
And fling new gall into life's bitter cup.

DIED.

Sunday morning, of the prevailing fever, Mr. David Dickson, of this city, merchant.

At Flatbush, same day, of the prevailing fever, Mr. Adam Sewell, wine merchant, of this city.

At his country seat, same day, of the prevailing fever, Paschal N. Smith, esq. President of the Columbian Insurance Office.

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Hyde, wife of John Hyde, of the Pomine Coffee House. In the death of this amiable woman, society has lost a respectable member, her family a most affectionate mother and companion, and our city one of its brightest ornaments.

Also, Mrs. W. G. Miller.

On Tuesday, of the prevailing fever, John R. Jones, a native of Wales; Joseph Burling, son of James Burling, of White-plains; and Mr. John Sykes.

On Saturday evening, of a lingering disorder, Mr. B. Tomlinson, proprietor of the tea-gardens in the Bovey.

At Quebec, on the 21st ult. his excellency Lieut. General Peter Hawker, Lieut. Governor of Upper-Canada, and commanding in chief his majesty's forces in both the Canadas.

20,000 DOLLARS,
THE HIGHEST PRIZE

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
TICKETS,

In the Bau-en-Kill Road Lottery;

In Wholes, Ha is, Quarters,
& Eights.

To draw in December next.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

A few servants on the books well recommended.
May 25, 1805. 856—tf.

NOTICE.

THE public in general, and particularly, the friends of the LITERARY ACADEMY, No. 40 Partition-Street, are hereby informed, that the regular stated Vacation, will expire on the 31st inst. and, that the Exercises in the School will again commence on Monday, the second of September.—Where shall be given the most faithful attention, to the improvement, and advancement in Literature, of all committed to the care and instruction of

ENOCH ELY.

N. B. A few Boarding Scholars may be conveniently accommodated in his family.

August 31, 1805.

69—347

COURT OF APOLLO.

VARIETY IN ONE.—A BALLAD.

"In one thou'ldst find variety,"
Cry'd DICK, "wouldst thou on wedlock fix."
"I rather should expect," said I,
"Variety in five or six."
"But never was thy counsel light:—
"I'll do't, my friend." So said, so done:
I'm noo'd'd for life; and DICK was right—
I find VARIETY IN ONE.

Her tongue has more variety
Than music's system can embrace:
She modulates through ev'ry key—
Squeaks treble, and growls double bass;
Divisions, runs, and trills, and shakes,
Enough the noisy spheres to stun.
Thus, as harsh discord music makes,
I find VARIETY IN ONE.

Her dress boasts such variety—
Such forms, materials, fashions, hues;
Each animal must plunder'd be,
From Russian bears to cockatoos:
Now 'tis a feather, now a zone;
Now she's a Gipsy, now a Nun—
To change like theameleon prone.
An'this VARIETY IN ONE?

In wedlock's wide variety,
Thought, word and deed, we both concur:
If she's a thunder-storm to me,
So I'm an April day to her;
Devil and angel, black and white.
Thus, as we *Hymen's* gauntlet run,
And kiss, and scold, and love, and fight.
Each finds VARIETY IN ONE.

Then cherish Love's variety,
In spite of ev'ry sneering elf:
We're NATURE's children; and an't she,
In change, variety itself?
Her clouds and storms are will'd by Fate,
More bright to shew her radiant sun.
Hail, then, blest Wedlock! in whose state
Men find VARIETY IN ONE!

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

The hapless man, whose *real* woes
His life's tranquility destroy,
Resorts to Fancy for repose,
And learns to dream of peace and joy.

The bliss of love, of wealth and power,
Th' ev'ruptur'd dreamer then enjoys;
All blessings gild th' ideal hour,
No grief appears, no pleasure cloy.

At length tir'd Fancy can no more
Relieve him from allotted pain;
Her pleasing scenes he now gives o'er,
And wakes to real life again.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

MADAME DE TOLMOND said to Voltaire, "I think, Sir, that a philosopher should never write, but to endeavour to render mankind less wicked and unhappy than they are. Now you go quite the contrary. You are always writing against that religion, which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes." Voltaire was much struck, and excused himself by saying, that he wrote only for those who were of the same opinion with himself.

Tronchin assured his friends, that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "I die forsaken by God and man," (said he,) "in those awful moments, when truth will force its way." "I wish, (added Tronchin,) that those, who had been perverted by his writings, had been present at his death. It was a sight too horrid to support."

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from choppings, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.
January 5, 1805. 833. 1y.

TUITION.

THE subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr. Townly's church, in Warren-street, lately occupied by Mr. Jacob Ketchell, where he has commenced Teaching. He will teach the English and Latin languages grammatically, together with Book keeping, Surveying, Navigation, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Architecture, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice, and the great success he has met with in the line of his profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal patronage.

UZAL W. FREEMAN.
This may certify, that I have been acquainted with Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know him to be every way qualified for a teacher; and I do freely and earnestly recommend him to the patronage of all my friends in this city. JACOB KETCHELL.
July 27, 1805. 864. tf.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 36 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camelhair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing blue upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.
June 1, 1805. 836. 1y.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.
July 13, 1805. 826. tf.

EDUCATION.

IN consequence of earnest solicitations, the School lately vacated by Mr. Lezell, No. 17 Bancker-street, is now conducted under the Tuition of the subscribers.

Ambition is good or bad according to the end propos'd; It shall ever be ours to promote human felicity by the most assiduous exertions to forward those entrusted to our care in the acquisition of useful knowledge, wisdom and virtue.

S. MOOR.

I. M'KEEN.

Mr. Moor entertains too high an opinion of his School No. 57 Roosevelt-street, to permit it to suffer the least neglect by this measure; he is rather inclined to believe that from it some reciprocal advantages will be experienced by both branches peculiar to such institutions.—The whole school will meet weekly for the purpose of inspiring emulation; and certain classes for particular studies, such as Geography, the use of the Globes, &c. as occasion may require.

N. B. The School in Bancker-street, will open at 8 o'clock during the warm weather, where Mr. Moor will attend till 9.

August 17, 1805.

867. tf.

NOVELS, HISTORY, &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, No. 3 PECK SLIP.

Dorval, or the Speculator, St. Leon, by Godwin,
Amelia, or the Influence of Virtue,
Father and Daughter, by Mrs. Opie,
Monemia, or the Beggar Girl, Emma Courtney,
Romance of the Forest,
Gonsalvo, the Spanish Knight,
Beggar Boy, 3 vols. Beggar Girl, 3 vols.
Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,
What has been, Man of Feeling,
Beauties of Goldsmith, Spectator, 8 vols.
Rigid Father, or, Paternal Authority too Strictly Enforced,
Tale of the Times, 2 vols. Clerimont, 2 vols.
Abbe's Romance, 3 vols. Edward, 2 vols.
Emilia De Vermont, Vicar of Lansdown,
Algerine Captives, 2 vols. Haunted Cavern,
Ambrose & Elinor,
Louis, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, &c. &c.

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